

THE  
LAST SPEECH  
Confession and Dying Words,  
OF THE *Cardeno, p. 21*  
NETHER-BOW PORCH  
OF EDINBURGH;  
010370. 5. 38

Which was exposed to Roup and Sale, on *Thursday* the  
9th of *August*, 1764.

I Was erected by KING JAMES VI. of ever-glorious me-  
mory, whose effigies was put up on my inside, and  
stood there till demolished by *Cromwell* the Usurper. My  
inscription is as follows:

Jacobus Rex,  
(Anag.)

Aris excubo, non sic excubie nec circumstantia pila,  
Ut tutor amor.

*Englisht thus:*

No centinels, nor javelins are so true  
As subjects love, king's enemies to subdue.

*Jacobus VI. Rex, Anna Regina, 1606.*

*May*

**M**AY my clock be struck dumb in the other world, if I lie in this; and may *Mack*, the reformer of *Edina's* lofty spires, never bestride my weather-cock on high if I deviate from truth in these my last words. Tho' my fabric shall be levelled with the dust of the earth, yet I fall in hope that my Cock shall be exalted on some more modern dome, where it shall shine like the burnish'd gold, reflecting the rays of the sun to the eyes of ages unborn. The daring *Mack* shall yet look down from my cock, high in the airy region, to the brandy shops below, where large grey-beards shall appear to him no bigger than mutchkin bottles, and mutchkin bottles shall be in his sight like the spark of a diamond.

Many, alas! have been my crimes, but the greatest of all, was, receiving the head of the brave Marquis of *Montrose* from the hands of dastardly miscreants; that loyal *Hero*, who cut down enthusiastic traitors by thousands at *Tipper-muir*, *Bridge of Dee*, *Aldern*, *Alford*, *Inverlochry*, and *Kilsyth*; and who at last suffered death in the cause of his Sovereign *Charles* the Martyr. If the ghosts of wretches beyond the River *Styx* have any knowledge of human affairs they will assuredly gnash their teeth, and like devils bewail my downfall. O! let the name of the gallant *Grahams* be ever dear to this country, as patterns of loyalty, and protectors of *Scotland's* liberty.

The great *MONTROSE* performed the duty of a good soldier, for he left not his centry-post on my dome, till he was relieved; and it gave me no pleasure to bear the heads of either party, as I always hated acts of cruelty.

I answered the end of my erection for a number of years, till, at last, I was basely polluted by the captors of tea and brandy, who made my lodge a cage for unclean birds.—Whores and rogues had in my bowels their nocturnal meetings, and *Irish Jean* with her gang were received



ceived into my rev'rend dome, as oft as the spoils of their cullies could afford to treat the keepers thereof.—May heavy curses light on the heads of those prostitutes, and nimble vengeance overtake the waiters, whose insatiable greed of drink would even tempt them to pledge and entertain the devil and his angels.

The Clock-maker, at the first rumour of my downfal, deserted me with precipitation, and fled swift as time itself, to the *Tron*-church, where there never was an altar to protect the fugitive.

The Upholsterer that meek and peaceable lamb, is so much grieved and troubled at the thoughts of my untimely downfal, that ever since my condemnation, he has only supported his spirits by diverting himself with his Puggy †.

No prayers were put up for my preservation in the temples of *Edina*, for my cruel sentence was to suffer an ignominious downfal without the benefit of clergy.

According to the *Caledonian Mercury*, I was even deserted by a grave colony of rats, who were said to be so audacious as to leave my fabric, even in the face of the sun, and to march thro' my wicket in solemn procession to the ground floors in *Leith* and *St. Mary's* wynd, at the hour of eight:—Tho' the author of that paragraph must have been misinformed, for my full port was always opened precisely at four in the morning.

My gates were shut by the exasperate inhabitants of the city against those who might have prolonged the inglorious life of Captain *Porteous*, which I have not, even to my dying hour, repented of: And tho' my ruin at that period seemed certain, yet the great ARGYLE, a powerful patriot, diverted the blow.

† The Puggy may be seen at the Nether-bow Coffee-house, from six in the morning till twelve at night, week day and holiday.

My fabric is not near the age of the antient Croſs of Edina, or the Abby-porch, yet I have ſeen many ſtrange turns of fortune; I have ſeen chief magiſtrates eſteem'd as demi-gods, and have again ſeen them ſink into popular diſeſteem; ſo fickle is the voice of the public, that a wiſe man ought not to be elated with their loudeſt acclamations, nor caſt down when they inveigh moſt bitterly againſt him. In fine, I have now ſeen enough to make me weary of ſtanding here as a watchman any longer, and my ſtony heart ſhrinks not at all at my diſſolution.

My ſentence, tho' juſt, I muſt inſiſt to be very hard; yet I forgive my judges and jury. I alſo wiſh happineſs to the Good Town, where I have ſtood as a centinel for one hundred and fifty eight years. My untimely fall is owing to my firſt narrow conſtruction; and it is too true, that I have not been capacious enough for ſome years paſt to receive the implements of luxury, which, tho' heavily taxed by the government; multiply both in city and country; ſuch is the loyalty, join'd with the lazineſs of the great patriots of the kingdom, that, no doubt, they will greatly increaſe when my well-cemented fabric is diſjoined, and razed to the ground.

Farewell all ye ſtately and magnificent buildings around me, I fall, as I ſtood, in peace with you all. And I conclude my ſpeech with this prayer, *May the luxury, lazineſs, and patriotiſm of the great ones always ſubſiſt and increaſe.* Amen.

CLAUDERO.

[Price One Penny.]

